

Star Wars: The Rise of Reach

by SpartanPrime101

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Summary: Following the discovery of the ravaged planet of Harvest, a joint Jedi-Mandalorian Taskforce set out to aid the UNSC against the Covenant onslaught...and to re-shape the fate of the galaxy forever.
Adventure/Sci-Fi

1. Chapter 1

****Star Wars: Rise of Reach****

****What's up world? This is SpartanPrime101 bringing to you another of my Halo-Star Wars Crossover Fanfiction stories. I've read many past H-SW stories before and became intrigued to attempt some of my own. This will be the first installment in a series of stories concerning the Battle of Reach onward. In terms of storyline, this occurs between the break between episode 9 and 10 of Star Wars the Clone Wars season 3.****

****I got the idea for this intro from Jorn117's Star Wars: Spartan Alliance Fanfiction; however, while this chapter as well as the second will be somewhat similar, they will be the only thing of any similarity to Jorn117's story. Chapter 3 onward will be my own work.****

****I hope they meet the expectations of my readers and reviewers. Any form of plagiarism is unintended, and will be corrected as soon as possible should you demand it.****

****And now, finally, here is Star Wars: Rise of Reach.****

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"Talking"

_ "Radio/Comlink" _

_ 'Thinking' _

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** _ [Chapter 1: The Discovery of Harvest] _ **

** _ RNS _ **** Resolute, 1.5 years before RotS **

"Navigation; how long until we reach the co-ordinates of General Arellea's Battle-group?" Admiral Yularen spoke to his navigation officer of the RNS Star Cruiser _Resolute_.

"We should be coming out of hyperspace in a few minutes, Admiral," Ensign CC-1924 Blake called from his position at the navigation monitor. "Master Arellea said that the _Spirit of Mandalor_ and her escorts would send out a locator beacon once we arrive at the rendezvous point."

The veteran Republic Admiral nodded his head in satisfaction at this. "Mantle," he called to the _Resolute's_ communication officer. "As soon as the fleet drops out of hyperspace, try to contact General Arellea and verify the exact co-ordinates for our rendezvous."

"Yes sir," Ensign CC-1142 Mantle responded as he readied the Resolute's comm. channel.

Looking out at the bluish streaks of hyperspace, Yularen thought back as to why he and his men were risking their lives travelling deep into unknown space: Barely a few hours before, the _Spirit of Mandalor_ and its Battle-group had just completed their routine patrol along the outskirts of the Outer Rim territories, and were preparing to return to Coruscant for some much needed leave for its crew. After finally hunting down and eliminating a small Separatist convoy that had been harassing Republic outposts near the asteroid station of Polis Massa, the weary Admiral and his Taskforce was ready to finally get some shore leave for their soldiers and crews.

However, just before they could enter hyperspace towards Coruscant, they had received an emergency transmission from Jedi Master Justine Arellea of the 110th Hellfire Corp, deep within unknown space of all places; how and why she was out that far was still unknown to Yularen and his officers.

None-the-less, as she had issued a code-Omega emergency code along with her transmission, it would stand to reason that she and the 110th's commanding officers â€" Jaren 'Akaan' Kando'a, one of the last known existing members of the True Mandalorians, and his second-in-command Commander CC-3307 'Sarge' â€" had definitely stumbled onto something big.

Consequently, Yularen along with his comrades and friends Jedi Masters Obi-wan Kenobi and Anakin Skywalker and the latter's padawan Ahsoka Tano had set out with the Resolute and its escort of seven other _Venator_-class Star Cruisers, nine _Acclamator II_-class Assault ships and eight _Sabre_-class Star Destroyers to join up with and investigate the 110th's recent discovery.

"Admiral Yularen."

Yularen turned to see four individuals approach him, three of which were human while the fourth was a young Togrutan. Two of the humans and the Togrutan were dressed in standard Jedi outfits outlined with both men equipped with military style gauntlets and armor. One of the male Jedi was tall with messy brown hair and clear blue eyes with a scar over the right eye. The second was an older male with a light brown beard and hair, blue eyes and a slight aura of wisdom and light humor. Their Togrutan companion was a female with bright orange skin with blue eyes that possessed a desire for attention and accomplishment. The fourth and final human was dressed in white armor with blue markings on his helmet, shoulder pads and chest plate, and was equipped with two plasma pistols and a shoulder shield pad over his left shoulder.

The three humans were Anakin Skywalker, Obi-wan Kenobi and CT-6597 'Captain Rex' of the 501st Battalion, and the Togrutan was Ahsoka Tano, Jedi padawan to Anakin and secondary Jedi commander of said Battalion.

"General Kenobi, Commander Skywalker; we are approaching the co-ordinates sent to us by the 110th Hellfire Corps and should be coming out of hyperspace shortly."

Obi-wan Kenobi nodded at the Admiral's words. "It seems we will finally be able to find out the reason behind Master Arellea's 'unusual' request."

Anakin Skywalker frowned at this. "Not to mention reckless. I still don't see why we of all people were called out this far into unknown space, and to do so _without_ informing the council."

Ahsoka Tano rose her eyebrow in scepticism. "Huh; I thought you of all people would jump at the chance to do something like this without the Council's approval."

"To an extent" Anakin countered. "There is a difference between withholding information until gaining a better understanding of certain situations and holding information indefinitely. However, travelling this far into unknown space isn't exactly something that should be kept from their attention."

Obi-wan nodded in agreement. "But clearly, whatever Arellea has found would probably not receive the Council's approval if we did inform them of our mission. And seeing as she and her allies managed to make it out here safely, the same should be with us as well."

This did little to calm Anakin's tension.

"With all due respect, sir" Captain Rex spoke up, "but shouldn't we have at least confirmed with General Arellea of what exactly she had discovered this far from Republic space before we agreed to meet up with her. For all we know, we could very well be marching into a trap set up by any natives that reside out here."

"And" Rex sighed "it wouldn't be the first time the 110th somehow managed to get themselves and those around them into this sort of situation."

"And that's what worries me about all this" Anakin argued. "I still think she was reckless to trust these so-called True Mandalorians, considering their reputation throughout the Outer Rim. And they aren't exactly the most subtle when it comes to jumping straight into the fray. "

Ahsoka smirked humorously. "Are you sure you're not just jealous that Ace's skills are actually better than yours?" To which Anakin frowned as Captain Rex and Obi-wan tried not to grin humorously behind him.

Next to Anakin, the Mandalorian/Hellfire Corps pilot Captain Arlen 'Ace' Jarkh'on was by far the most renowned starfighter pilot of the GAR throughout the Outer and Inner Rim systems. It was also rumored that Arlen had managed to outfly even Anakin back during the Battle of Polis Massa a few months before. Something that irked Anakin to no end, especially when it gave his padawan the chance to tease him about it.

"Admiral" Blake then called out, "we're about to come out of hyperspace."

At this, the Jedi and Yularen turned and walked toward the Bridge's forward view port. "Time to find out if I'm right" Anakin stated as they waited for the ship to drop out of hyperspace.

"Indeed, Anakin" Obi-wan replied solemnly, "indeed".

After a few seconds, the bluish-light streaks of hyperspace disappeared as the Resolute and her sister ships returned to normal space

Fire. And Glass.

That was what the Jedi and Yularen saw before them as they stared in pure shock and dismay at the planet before them. Throughout the Resolute's bridge, everyone had stopped what they were doing so evident was the shock that seemed to make up the atmosphere around them.

Ever since the start of the Clone Wars nearly two years before, all of them had witnessed several acts of atrocity and devastation committed by various corrupted Separatist and (on the rare occasion) fellow Republic officers on many of the Inner and Outer Rim planets and moons. A prime example was the occupation of Ryloth during the early months of the war by the Separatist leader Wat Tambor, during which he had instructed the bombing and ransacking of nearby towns and villages " while they were still occupied by women and children.

Sadly, all this was nothing compared to what they were seeing right now, as a majority of the planet before them seemed to be literally on fire while the remaining half was made of glistening glass and ice.

"Holy Fracking Hell!"

Captain Rex's statement easily summed up the thoughts of Yularen, the Jedi and the officers on the Resolute's bridge. Beside him, Ahsoka rose her hands to her mouth in shock as Obi-wan and Anakin gazed silently at the inferno that seemed to reach up and beyond the planet's thermosphere. It was then that they took notice of the hundreds of wreckages of ships that floated along in the planet's orbit, most of which were blocky and metallic-grey in design while a few others seemed more graceful and purple in design.

"By the force" Yularen muttered in disbelief and horror. "What could've happened here?"

"Um, well-uh, sir; ac-according to the ship's scanners, sir," Ensign Blake stuttered as he checked the monitor before him, "the planet seems to have been subjugated to orbital bombardment by some sort ofâ€|highly condensed plasma energy weaponry thatâ€|somehow terra-formed most of the planet's surface into a crystalized glass substance. And as a result of the severe temperatures caused by the bombardment, the remainder of the planet suffered some sort of Nuclear Effect, hence the ice structures along the equator."

"It would seem that we now know the reason why we were summoned, Admiral" Obi-wan stated, his face displaying his own disbelief and shock at the disaster once called a planet looming before them.

"Sir, new contacts coming up on the starboard-bow" the ensign in charge of the Resolute's Sonar called out. "Confirmed friendly: it's the Avenger-class Dreadnaught Spirit of Mandalor and the 110th, approaching us from the planet's northern hemisphere."

Turning their gaze away from the burning planet, the Admiral, Jedi and Clone Captain looked out towards the floating wreckages loitering above what they assumed to be the planet's North Pole. Sure enough, after a few seconds, Yularen and the Jedi could make out the tell-tail shape of the 14,072 meter long Avenger-class Dreadnaught â€" the flagship of the 110th Hellfire Corps and renowned bane to Separatist naval commanders â€" coming from behind the planetary debris field, surrounded by her escort of eleven Venator-class Cruisers, nine Acclamator II-class Assault ships, fifteen Sabre-class Star Destroyers, four Chancellor-class Star Destroyers, four Arrowhead-class Fleet Carriers, two Liberator-class Star Destroyers, a single Praetor-class Star Battlecruiser and a lone Mandator II-class Star Dreadnaught.

While the firepower wielded by the so many heavy-weight ships was impressive, it was the Avenger-class Dreadnought that was the most significantly powerful of them all. A few years before, a group of spice traders had discovered the Dreadnought adrift deep within Mandalorian Space, where it had been abandoned seven hundred years before, following the end of the Republic invasion of Mandalor.

Sadly, upon the initial inspection after its discovery, the pacifist New Mandalorian government had demanded its immediate dismantlement and for all design specs and blue prints of its surprisingly near-futuristic hyper-drive hardware and weaponry targeting system to be destroyed; this demand was shortly followed by a similar request by Chancellor Palpatine himself, to the outrage and dismay of the

Clone Arc Troopers And Clone Commandos that had trained under Jango Fett and Kal Skirata themselves.

Thankfully, after the intervention of Jedi Master Arellea and Prime Minister Lama Su of Kamino, the Dreadnought was relocated to Republic space, where it was somehow 'misplaced' while on route to be dismantled at the Republic shipyards at Ord Mantell.

Several months later, after undergoing a massive overhaul and modernization of its aging and damaged equipment, it was released to the newly formed 110th Hellfire Corps under the classification of the new _Avenger_-class Dreadnought the _Spirit of Mandalor_; at over 14Km in length, it was by far the largest ship ever built and used by any military force in the known galaxy.

Despite having occasionally fought alongside her over the past year, the Avenger-class Dreadnaught was still a sight to behold for the Jedi and crew of the Resolute.

"Admiral" Mantle spoke up from the comm. Channel. "We're receiving a priority signal from the _Spirit of Mandalor_; Commander Kando'a wishes to speak with you immediately."

Yularen, the Jedi and Captain Rex glanced towards the ensign before heading back to the communication hub behind them. Once there, the Admiral activated a secure channel to the Avenger-class Dreadnaught, to which the hologram of a man in bright red and yellow Mandalorian armor appeared on the holo-table, his head obscured by a three horned Clone Commando Shock Trooper helmet.

This was none other than Jaren 'Akaan' Kando'a, one of the few surviving members of the True Mandalorians before the massacre of Galidraan, and the Supreme Commanding Officer of the 110th Hellfire Corps.

"Admiral Yularen, Master Jedi; glad you could finally join us. I take it you now know as to why Justine and I called you out here on such short notice."

Yularen glanced back at the apocalypse outside the Resolute's bridge before he spoke. "Yes, we have. And I assume you can explain to us exactly what happened here?"

The Mandalorian Commander nodded_. "We had sent down some scouting parties to the planet's surface, and apparently they found some sort of military complex at the base of a mountain range in the northern hemisphere. We also sent some scout ships to investigate the destroyed ships in the debris field, and managed to recover some data from one of the ships databanks that miraculously wasn't destroyed in the chaos."_

Anakin then leaned forward. "Well, that should come in handy when you explain to us exactly how that planet became a **Fracking** fireball!"

This outburst caused the fifteen year old Togrutan beside him to gap in surprise at his choice of words; despite the understanding behind his obvious anger, this was one of the very few times Ahsoka had seen her master lose his temper so easily.

****{SpartanPrime101: For the record, I checked her age on Wookieepedia, and apparently she was fourteen years old when she was introduced in the Star Wars the Clone Wars movie in 2008}****

"In spite of my friend's colorful choice of words" Obi-wan spoke up "I believe that we are all in need of a full understanding as to what exactly transpired here, Commander"

The True Mandalorian sighed in weariness as he spoke_. "I believe that it would be best if we spoke of this in person, Master Jedi; my crew and myself are worried that theâ€|'persons' responsible may have a stealth ship nearby and may attempt to hack our communications network. Andâ€|what I have to tell you isn't something that should be kept on record."_

Yularen frowned at the Mandalorian's words, as did the Jedi and Clone Captain beside him. The fact that the Mandalorian hesitated in providing a first-name basis of who-or whatever was responsible caused them to become cautious as to whether they should take the Hellfire Corp's CO for his word.

However, despite their suspicion and weariness of the Mandalorian Commander's request, they understood the necessity behind said request: If those responsible for the planet's current state still be in the surrounding systems, they would no doubt attempt to hack their communication's so as to intercept any form of information and/or tactical movement the Resolute and its Taskforce would make.

After glancing at and receiving slightly hesitant nods of agreement from the two Jedi Masters, Yularen looked back at the hologram. "Very well; we will be there shortly to discuss further on the matter."

Before the Admiral could shut off the hologram, Anakin spoke up. "Hold on, Jaren. Before anything else, you mind telling us what this planet's called? Cause I sure as heck don't remember any known Republic or Separatist planets being out this far from known space.

"Because, Master Skywalker" the Mandalorian spoke _"this planet wasn't aligned with either the Republic or the CIS. It was once one of the key outer colonies of a separate power that exists in this part of the galaxyâ€|"_

_ "â€|and according to the recovered data-logs, the locals referred to it asâ€|Harvest."_

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****And here it is, the first chapter to Rise of Reach. I know it was shorter than my other stories. This way, I can post more chapters over a smaller period of time, thus resulting in less migraines for me.****

****Hope you enjoy reading this, and hopefully you can convince ole Jorn117 to continue Star Wars: Spartan Alliance, among other stories.****

****Till next time, folks.****

2. Chapter 2

****Star Wars: Rise of Reach****

****What's up world? This is SpartanPrime101 bringing to you the next update to my new H-SW story Rise of Reach. In this chapter, the True Mandalorians plan out their next move, and whether or not the Jedi will agree with said plans. ****

****Once again I emphasize that I do NOT own Star Wars or Halo " they belong to George Lucas and Bungie/343 respectfully.****

****Well, enough chit-chat, here is Star Wars: Rise of Reach.****

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"Talking"

_"__Radio"__

Thinking

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****_[Chapter 2: Decisions]_****

****_Bridge of the Avenger-class Dreadnought Spirit of Mandalor_****

****_Orbit of Planet Harvest_****

True Mandalorian Jaren 'Akaan' Kando'a looked out from the _Avenger_-class Dreadnaught _Spirit of Mandalore's_ bridge at the planet and its orbiting ring of ship wreckages. Standing at 6.1 with dark brown hair and piercing brown eyes, his armor was a cross between Mandalorian-based armor, with Clone Commando style shoulder and wrist gauntlet pads. Attached to his waist was a pair of Blaster Pistols and a Mandalorian-style lightsaber engraved with ancient Mandalorian runes that represented _courage_ and _endurance._

All around him he could hear the Dreadnought's bridge crew working away at their stations be it monitoring the ship's communication channels or the status of its engines and weapons systems. Having fought with them over the past year, he had come to see them as his newly found family, with each and every one of his crew having proven themselves as brave and honorable comrades. And while having been drilled into a hard-core fighting force, they would still gossip and converse like any ordinary union of brothers in arms.

Of course, one of the new topics of discussion was the uncovering and testing of some of the new toys recovered from the planet's surface. This included a pair of what the locals referred to as M808C 'Scorpion' Main Battle Tanks; some medium-reconnaissance vehicles called M12-LRV 'Warthogs' " which didn't make sense as they looked nothing like any form of species of pigs that they were aware of; four of the unusual ground-support based duel vector-engine strike craft known as AV-14 'Hornets'; and, to the interest of the scientists of the 12th Mandalorian Engineers Division, two of their

so-called _Paris_-class Frigates, which had been recovered from their underground launch bays at one of the planet's abandoned space ports and were now undergoing extensive research and upgrading in the _Spirit of Mandalore_'s main repair/maintenance Hanger bay.

Upon initial examination, the recovered vehicles were easily regarded as obsolete in comparison to those wielded by the Mandalorians, considering that they were all equipped with 'Slugthrower'-based weaponry; having come from a galaxy that had used plasma weaponry for nearly five millennia, you can imagine the disbelief of those who had uncovered these vehicles in the first place.

However, after the testing of these weapons â€" with a particular great interest in the testing of the Scorpion Tanks â€", what stuck out was that, unlike those wielded by the Trandoshans or Outer Rim pirates/gang lords, the design and firepower of these slugthrowers were _not_ to be laughed at. During the testing of one of the Scorpion tanks on the _Spirit of Mandalore_'s training simulation chamber, the M808's main cannon practically demolished the simulated CIS AAT tanks and rotary blaster pillboxes, while its durability and rate-of-fire surpassed that of its computerized opponents. This kill ratio, along with a rate of manoeuvrability and speed that easily outmatched that of the venerable All-Terrain Transport Enforcer (AT-TE), and the surprising ease of maintenance in assembling and repairing of any damaged parts and electronics, quickly earned the respect of the Mandalorian/Clone test drivers and maintenance personnel just after two simulation battles.

Of course, there were a few 'gun-happy' clone troopers that were all too eager to take these mechanical beasts out for 'further testing' as they put it.

Unfortunately, these slugthrowers were obviously still outgunned when pitted against an enemy whose main arsenal was 100% plasma and energy-based weaponry; weapons that were not only wielded by both their ground and naval forces, but also being used by naval vessels to render entire planets uninhabitable

Even after having been here for the past two weeks, it still unnerved him at how thorough the so-called 'Covenant' had been in their glassing of the planet now known as Harvest.

Not that he was a stranger to acts of extermination: Back during his time as a member of the True Mandalorians along with Jango Fett, Jaren had witnessed countless acts of cruelty and death committed by the Death Watch throughout the Inner and Outer Core worlds. Having lost his own family in a Death Watch extermination camp, he was determined to aid the True Mandalorians in reclaiming their place as honorable warriors throughout the galaxy.

Sadly, Jaren was also one of the very few survivors of the Massacre of Galidraan â€" where he and his fellow True Mandalorians were framed by the Death Watch for falsely accused crimes, thus forcing the hand of the Jedi Council. Afterwards, Jaren had made his living as a mercenary for various high ranking politicians and gangsters, at the same time hunting down key members of the Death Watch and its supporters.

It was just weeks after the start of the Clone Wars that he was approached by other surviving members of the True Mandalorians to

take the role of Mand'alor and to lead the still growing 110th Hellfire Corps alongside Jedi Knight Justine Arellea and her Clone Commander CC-3307 'Sarge'. While he had initially hesitated on the latter, and downright refused to the former, he had realized that doing so would dishonour the True Mandalorians and the reasons for which they were formed in the first place. As such, he had accepted the duty of leading the 110th alongside Arellea and her soldiers. And this was for reasons that included his secret romantic relationship with the beautiful Jedi Knight.

However, despite supporting evidence by both the Jedi Council and the New Mandalorian government (with the latter's being ignored), Jaren refused to believe that Jango Fett "the official _Mand'alor_ after the death of the Mand'alor Jaster during the Mandalorian Civil War" would get himself killed so easily. Considering that Jango had killed six Jedi Masters with ease back on Galidraan, the fact that he would let Jedi Master Mace Windu kill him so effortlessly was out of the question. Not to mention that he was the key DNA source for new clone troopers; _clones_ which looked and sounded exactly as he did.

And now, barely a few decades after said Massacre, the 37 year old warrior was looking at yet another example of genocidal destruction. And par his duty as the CO of the 110th Hellfire Corps, as well as his sense of honor and pride as a True Mandalorian, he dare not turn his attention elsewhere while these 'UNSC' humans fought its own war against a genocidal enemy.

"You okay, Jaren?"

Jaren turned his head to look at the woman approaching him from the holographic display table at the rear of the bridge. She was dressed in Gold and Red Mandalorian armor with a Jedi robe attached to her back, with dark tanned skin, near shoulder length silver-turquoise hair and crystal-blue eyes. On her waist were two lightsabers, one of Jedi and the other of Mandalorian designs, both of which had Mandalorian runes representing _determination_ and _justice_.

This was Jedi Master Justine Arellea, official liaison to the Jedi Council and Kaminoan Prime Minister Lama Su of the 110th Hellfire Corps. And the woman whom he had come to love with all his heart, as she did him in return. Once she was within distance she reached out and embraced the True Mandalorian Commander in a deep, passionate kiss as both expressed their feelings for each other.

Standing beside and behind her, the CO of the 110th's Army Corps, Clone Commander CC-03307 'Sarge' stood silently, smirking slightly at the intimate courtship before him. Dressed in his standard Red-and-Golden Rod Mandalorian-ARC Commando armor, Sarge had his ARC-Phase II helmet clutched under his left arm just above the standard Type-12 Blaster Pistol in his waist holster. Standing at 6'1, he had a buzz style haircut with a scar stretching from his forehead over his left eye down to his lower left cheek.

After a few moments, Jaren reluctantly broke away from his beloved as he looked back at the smoldering planet before them.

"I'm fine, Justine. It's justâ€¦I've seen some pretty kriffin-ass shit back during the Civil War against the Death Watch, when no one else even came close to how they treated everyone they came

across."

Justice nodded in agreement. "To endure defeat after defeat, and yet continue to defy their fate regardless of the losses...it's hard to imagine the strength which they needed to continue for so long."

Behind her, Sarge frowned as he nodded in agreement. "Yeah; you have to give them credit for holding out as long as they have."

Jaren sighed as he turned his attention to his second-in-command. "Are you sure you want to go through with this, Sarge? You do realize that, even if this works out, the GAR will try to hold you and your boys for high treason."

"With all due respect, sir" Sarge countered, his eyes displaying his determination in his decision. "My boys and I were there during the Seppie invasion of Kamino; we saw what those damn clankers did to our brothers, both on the battlefield and still in their growth chambers. They willingly slaughtered them when they couldn't even fight back." Sarge then gestured to the burning planet before them. "What these 'Covenant' are doing is no different, if not for the scale of destruction. Trust me, this decision is personal for us. If these Chakar's want to fight someone so badly" Sarge stated, punching his right armored fist into his left hand, "â€|they'd better be ready for a good one."

"That's right, sir!"

"Hell Yeah!"

"All the way, sir!"

"Let's show those Bastards what the Hellfire Corps is made of!"

The three of them looked around at the surrounding clone officers and soldiers as they all cheered in agreement to Sarge's words; there was no question about their decision: they were ready for a fight.

Justine smiled as she hugged her husband-to-be. "We've made our decision, and the boys are well aware of what they're about to get into."

Jaren sighed. "I just hope the Jedi agree with our decision. Whether I like it or not, we need their help if we're going to play a part in this new conflict."

Smiling, the lovely dark skinned Jedi Master planted a gentle kiss on his right cheek. "Don't worry; I'm sure they'll understand."

Despite her words, Jaren couldn't help but feel somewhat unnerved about what the Jedi would decide after hearing what they had uncovered on the planet's surface below.

During the first few months of the clone Wars, as the GAR had only a few high ranking military officers with actual combat experience â€" with Captain Yularen being one of them â€" the Jedi were tasked with leading the newly instated Clone Army into battle. Having provided their assistance in local military uprisings and insurrections

throughout the Inner and outer rim Territories in the years leading up to the Clone Wars, they were by the far the best suited for leading soldiers into combat.

However, despite their experience in warfare, the Jedi were not true military Generals or Commanders, and as a result, for every victory gained by the Republic, the CIS would launch a counter-offensive shortly after, eventually re-capturing the same positions with heavy losses being inflicted on both sides in the process.

In addition, after nearly a year of conflict, the war had steadily developed into a War of Attrition, with both sides attempting to wear down the other's military capacity to wage war while suffering minimal losses themselves. Unfortunately, for every ten or twenty Battle Droids destroyed in combat, nearly one to two hundred could easily be built to replace them. And with a rate of ten to twenty Battle Droids per clone trooper being deployed to the frontlines, the advantage of quantity over quality easily put the CIS one step ahead of the Republic in a prolonged engagement.

The Republic soon became desperate to match its losses in the Outer Rim sieges, with the Jedi and the Senate sending representatives to contact and establish political alliances with new unions and governments that had not yet been drawn into the conflict.

Hence why Jaren and his Battle-Group were here far beyond the furthest reaches of unknown space yet discovered by the Republic, beholding a planet that was virtually a raging inferno of glass and flame.

"Sir" the Communications Officer CO-1243 'Rad' called out, gaining the attention of the gathered Clones and Mandalorians. "The Jedi and Admiral Yularen have just landed in the hanger bay."

Jaren turned his attention towards his Comm. Officer. "Very well, send word to Captain Brawns and his Commandos to escort them to the bridge; and alert our boys on the ground to continue their sweep of the planet. Hopefully we can uncover some additional equipment left behind by the UNSC that might be of use to us."

As Rad relayed the message over the comm., Jaren turned towards his wife and Sarge. "Well, it's time to see if our Jedi comrades will be so willing to go through with this as we are."

"I'm sure it will work out" Arellea said as she leaned forward to catch Jaren's lips in a passionate kiss. "We just have to have faith that they'll choose to help us."

"And besides, it's not like they'll have much of a choice" Sarge argued as he placed his helmet on his head, "considering that the Covenant might decide to strike out against the Republic once they're done with the UNSC. Hells even the Jedi Council should know the saying: 'better to stand united against a common enemy, than to stand and fall alone'".

"Well, there's only one way we'll know for certain" Jaren stated as he reluctantly separated from his wife. "Time to go welcome our quests."

[illegible]

****Finally, I thought I would never get this chapter done. Now I can start writing chapter 3, which hopefully won't take so long to upload. ****

****Till next time Comrades!****

End
file.